

story of an argument with the
taxi driver over 50 centimes which
included gendarmes, missing his car
a train & a fist fight. Making peace
on leaving he took movies of them.
Let it be a lesson to him.

Monday was damp as usual for London.
We called at the London office & received
my first real letter from home. We
shopped around and went to a good show
"Please Teacher" at night. Next day we
went to Harrods, other stores, and to tea
with Kaye Arthur who was in the
hospital. Again in the evening we
went to a show "Follow the Sun" which
was a Revue. We were thrilled to
see smart & decently costumed shows.
Developing a cold I took the doctor's
suggested remedy & was cured that night.

Tues a.m. before leaving we took a train
in 7/4 of an hour saw the end of the Champs
of the Guard, The Parliament Buildings, Big
Ben, Buckingham Palace. The new Keep
Palace, walked through Westminster Abbey
& over William Pitt's grave. Above to the
Old Curiosity shop & bought etchings &

so home to catch the train. Not bad eh?
Arriving at the hotel we found we had a
lovely large stateroom & large bathroom.
We found ourselves at the Purser's table &
I believe Mr. Liable had written the Customs form.
It was nice of him & we are well looked after.
Our table consists of a Mrs. Golancow an
Eng. Railroad man's first trip over, & Mr.
Pasternak, a chemical manufacturer. Both
nice but uninteresting. Stopping at
Cherbourg we decided to buy each other
bouquets which were scarce but found we
were met by a tender so retired early to bed.
Thursday. Rushed up early to snap the
Isle de France which was beautiful. It
stayed with us all day. Went to movies
of "He married her Boss". The Purser
invited us to his cabin before dinner. He
had a radio & we listened as I played our
German record & we all sang the words.
The dinner & ana was fun not too rough.
Later we danced in the Roof garden. The
swell increasing.

Friday. - Rougher to-day. The Isle de France
still with us. Her bow going under and
green water up to her first mast.

Horse races before another movie
(Harold Lloyd in the Mulkey way)
Then to dinner & dance again. This
time joined by two American business
men. One the worried father of a daughter
of 15 yrs who had just heard his daughter
was recovering from a hopeless case of
pneumonia. The other man was a
Scotch American. Both looked young
& danced well. McHlad the Scott & I
stayed up till 12 midnight and after
a tour thru tourist found all had
retired so we followed suit.

Saturday, and still with the Isle de France.
This is most unusual at sea to be so close
for a long time. Dinner in the afternoon, then
late dinner & dance. More people about again.
Sunday. Up late again, lost the ping pong
to a blond Mrs. Lingren who is a buyer from
Harrods. She was telling me they have a
Sports Club there in a separate building
run by a former buyer at the store.

Monday. The Isle de France, ahead now as
we turned during the night to have two
part-holes put in which had been knocked
out during the storm.

blanced a while with the Eng. & Scotch
combination then Statter & McHlad. A
ship officer finally called on us and stayed
while we packed - very very late.

Near home & down to breakfast for
the first time. All set to land, and
many good-byes. Waited ages for bags
but the custom official very cordial & nice
to us, in fact we were old friends
when we left. Louise & I went to Radio City
Music Hall & saw Follow the Fleet with Fred
Astaire & Ginger Rogers. We called Ruby then
went to dinner with Mary Gacey & her
head at the Waldorf Astoria Canadian
Club. It's a gorgeous place with real Can
Atmosphere. Even the carpets have a
beaver & maple leaf pattern. We put matches
& Waldorf cards in our pockets, then as
Ruby called for us, we went to the theatre
to see "Love on the Water", an English political
play written by a passenger on the Aquitania.
It was very powerful, and we just had the
strength to catch our train. The customs
again were very kind, and all was well.
An elderly gentleman hearing us talk
of the rough trip & the Isle de France,

asked us if we would like to see
the Aquitania. He had a newspaper
write up of trip, and a picture
of our boat under a wave with
the bow out of sight. That goes

to prove you never can tell
what you look like yourself.

Arriving in Toronto was met
by the Pitt family & drove home in
the good old Ford. Even the dog
recognized me, and after lunch at
home I rushed off in the usual
style - to see if I still had a job
at the office and I did!

2226
113

70
75
210
35
390

Tracks

73
5
365
7
372

Prospect 8131

M T W T F S S

Feb 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
10 11 12 13 14 15 16
17 18 19 20 21 22 23
24 25 26 27 28 29 30
2 3 4 5 6 7 8

MAR 9 10 11 12 13 14 15

Taxi 1.00	Munch	1.00
" 2.50	Bermisch	3.50
Lunch 2.20	Munch	2.20
Bus Ride 10.00		5.70
Tip 2.00		3.00

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8.97



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